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CUB REPORTER'S CIRCUS STORY GOT THE CITY EDITOR'S GOAT

By THE CUB REPORTER.

A circus was in town, and the city editor was sore; unheralded it had come in the night, and already the tents were being put up. But who was going to cover it? That was the question that was bothering the city editor. All the reporters had gone out on their beats and by the time they had come in and written up their news it would be time to print the first edition, and even for a little thing like a circus, it wouldn't do to let the paper be scooped by the morning contemporary.

As he sat there thinking the matter over, a happy thought suddenly came to him. The cub reporter was the very person to cover it. Why had he not thought of him before? He would soon be back from an errand on which he had been sent and then he could go right down to the circus and get the writeup.

After a few minutes the cub came in and the city editor called him over to his desk.

"Willie," he said, "did you know that there was a circus in town?"

"Yes, sir," answered the cub. "I heard about it this morning; it is an Indian circus."

"A what?" exclaimed the C. E.

"An Indian circus," answered the cub. "They have got a bunch of Indians that do war dances and things, and there's an Indian quartette, too."

"Well, see here, Willie," said his nibs. "We have got to have a story on it, understand? There is no one here to send out on it except you, and I want you to go down there and get a little story. Get a story about Indians, about circuses, anything to make a good story, and—"

"Oh, yes, sir," interrupted the cub. "I can—"

"Can that chatter now, and go out and get the dope and get it in here soon," said the city editor, turning to his work. "I don't care what you get, just so it is a story."

The next morning the cub was not at his desk. About ten o'clock the editor came in and asked for him, saying that he wanted to send him out to cover a board meeting that he had just gotten wind of. The city editor spoke up:

"The cub isn't here, and what's more, he won't be here," he said. "Yesterday morning I sent him down to cover that circus so that the morning sheet wouldn't scoop up. I told him to get a story on Indians on anything, just so it was a story, and—"

"Why," broke in the editor, "a circus isn't a hard thing to write up; what was wrong with his story?"

"Here is it," said the city editor, handing him several sheets of typewritten matter, "read it for yourself."

And the following is what the editor read:

"Circuses were invented so that there would be some use for the big words in the dictionaries, and also to give the small boy a place where he can take his father. A circus, playing in an amphitheatre, is very exciting, but while playing under canvas the excitement is intense. Circuses are made up of one-fifth animals, one-fifth human beings, and three-fifths spectators. It is great to watch the skillful Speculators in their Delightfully Daring and Delectable Demonstrations of Exquisitely Exacting Exorbitant Prices for Beautifully Beepinted Bum Benches.

"Every circus has a troupe of trained ushers, and it is awe-inspiring to watch their Desperately Dangerous Displays of unrivaled nerve as they jump from tier to tier, skillfully negotiating you in a seat Peculiarly Protruding that the one called for by your Punny Pastebord.

"While circus performers will fall from a great height for fifteen per cent, the public will fall for anything. It is also interesting to watch peanut vendors in the startling tests of skill and sureness as they twirl the bulky bag that makes you think it is choked to the throat with giant goobers, but which upon opening you disappointedly discover contains one dozen rubber-shelled peanuts and the balance of the bag made up of skillfully arranged air.

"Circus people say that you do not have to teach a tight-rope walker his tricks, but it is the rope that is tant. To be a clown in a circus is no laughing matter. Circuses date away back to the time of the Romans, and even in those days the small boy enjoyed the odor of the sawdust, as every Roman nose.

"The circus with us today is an Indian circus and has with it one hundred wild and ferocious red men, captured in the wilds of North America at an enormous cost and loss of life. The only use that Indians are good for nowadays is to decorate historical fowads. Indians were not found in Indianapolis, as many believe, but were originally located in North America, having immigrated from

Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. It is enough to make any show wild to keep Indians on its payroll.

"Indians are copper-colored, and it is amusing to see one in a boiling rage—a copper boiler, as it were. There are more feathers in an Indian's head than in a boarding house pillow, generally. Indians are a feather flock together," as the philosopher philosophes. Indians are very swift runners. This makes it bad for their creditors. It is great to see an Indian dust through the woods—sort of a feather duster. Years ago, in time of war, Indians smeared their faces with grease paint, so that the bullets would slide off. These are built of skins, and not by skins, as our houses are. Indians like to hunt—but not for work. One Indian can do less work in eight hours than any two white men put together.

"Indians didn't bother much about dress years ago, and if we wore as much now as they did then it would put 4,579,987 tailors out of business."

"Well," said the editor, as he threw the sheets into the waste basket. "I don't know as I blame you for causing the cub."

CLEVELAND BABY WAS

HELP TO MARK TWAIN

Clemens was in good standing at Washington during the Cleveland administration, and many letters came, asking him to use his influence with the President to obtain this or that favor. He always declined, though once—a few years later, in Europe—when he learned that Frank Mason, consul general at Frankfurt, was about to be displaced, Clemens, of his own accord, wrote to baby Ruth Cleveland about it:

"My Dear Ruth:—I belong to the Mugwumps, and one of the most sacred rules in our order prevents us from asking favors of officials or recommending men to office; but there is no harm in writing a friendly letter to you and telling you that an informal outrage is about to be committed by your father in turning out of office the best consul I knew (and know a great many) just because he is a Republican and a Democrat wants his place."

He went on to recall Mason's high and honorable record, suggesting that Miss Ruth take the matter into her own hands. Then he said:

"I can't send any message to the President, but the next time you have a talk with him concerning such matters I wish you would tell him about Captain Mason and what I think of a government that so treats its efficient officials."

Just what form of appeal the small agent made is not recorded, but by and by Mark Twain received a tiny envelope, postmarked Washington, enclosing this note in President Cleveland's handwriting:

"Miss Ruth Cleveland begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Twain's letter and says that she took the liberty of reading it to the President, who desires her to thank Mr. Twain for her information, and to say that Captain Mason will not be disturbed in the Frankfurt consulate. The President also desires Miss Cleveland to say that if Mr. Twain knows of any other cases of this kind he will be greatly obliged if he will write him concerning them at his earliest convenience."

Clemens immensely admired Grover Cleveland, also his young wife, and his visits to Washington were not infrequent. Mrs. Clemens was not always able to accompany him, and he has told us how once (it was his first visit after the President's marriage) she put a little note in the pocket of his evening waistcoat, which he would be sure to find when dressing, warning him about his deportment. Being presented to Mrs. Cleveland, he handed her a card on which he had written "He didn't," and asked her to sign her name below those words. Mrs. Cleveland protested that she couldn't sign it unless she knew what it was he hadn't done; but he insisted, and she promised to sign it if he would tell her, immediately afterward, all about it. She signed, and he handed her Mrs. Clemens' note, which was very brief. It said:

"Don't wear your arctics in the White House."

Mrs. Cleveland summoned a messenger and had the card she had signed mailed at once to Mrs. Clemens at Hartford.—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Harper's Magazine for October.

PAIN IN THE STOMACH.

It is most annoying, as well as disagreeable, to be troubled with pains in the stomach, and there is no need of it, for one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will allay the pain. Try it once and you will be convinced. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

SUFFRAGETTES IN LIVELY SCENE WITH STATESMEN

LONDON, Eng.—Two Suffragettes—Miss Howie and Miss Mitchell, who pursued Mr. Churchill at Aberdeen recently—are reported to have had a livelier scene with the Prime Minister and Mr. McKenna on the Dorchester golf links.

Mr. Asquith and the Home Secretary had reached the tenth green when the intruders appeared. "Mr. Asquith, you are responsible for forcibly feeding and torturing our women," said Miss Mitchell. Mr. McKenna tried to push her away. Miss Howie interjected, "You will be answerable for what happens to Mrs. Leigh." (The English Suffragette imprisoned in Dublin). Mr. McKenna seized her also and a struggle followed.

While Miss Mitchell was haranguing Mr. Asquith a breathless detective ran up and seized her. Miss Mitchell said to Mr. McKenna, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." The detective then seized Miss Howie, and Mr. McKenna exclaimed, "How dare you annoy the Prime Minister?"

The task of holding the two Suffragettes, however, was too much for the detective, and for the second time Miss Howie freed herself.

Vain Appeal to Caddies.

The Home Secretary is said to have appealed to the caddies to assist, but they made no response. Miss Howie said to the Home Secretary: "If anything happens to Mrs. Leigh you shall answer for it. Don't think your safety lies in her being in prison. You would be safer if she were at liberty." Mr. Asquith appealed to the detective to remove Miss Howie as being "the worst woman." "Why do you forget you are a lady?" Mr. McKenna was heard to ask Miss Mitchell.

At this stage the two Ministers moved away, followed by Miss Mitchell, who again questioned them. An inspector of police then arrived, and the women were led off the course.

A Suffragette said on the royal golf course near Balmoral during the week ended to reports that they had made their appearance at the castle, where the King is in residence. They were not, however, within a mile of the castle.

It was found that during the night purple-tinted flags had been substituted at the different holes on the course for the red and white flags, and the Suffragettes had pinned small pieces of paper on the new flags bearing such inscriptions as "Cabinet Ministers stop forcibly feeding women," and "Votes for women means peace for Cabinet Ministers."

On the memorial fountain erected by Queen Victoria in memory of the late Sir Thomas Biddulph, of one time premier to her Majesty, was written the following inscription: "Cabinet Ministers are responsible for the present actions."

Human Letter.

Under postal rules a human being can be delivered by express messenger, a Suffragette, Miss Lila Chunn, at Dundee on Wednesday night fastened a card to her clothes addressed to Mr. Churchill at his Dundee residence, entered the post office, and requested to be delivered.

The order was accepted. She paid the express-letter fee of 3d. and was delivered at Mr. Churchill's residence by a telegraph boy. Mr. Churchill's secretary, grasping the situation informed the "human letter" that Mr. Churchill was not at home to callers even though they were stamped.

The Suffragette, admitting defeat, withdrew.

PROGRESS OF THE "SIMPLIFIED" SPELLING

To the thoroughgoing iconoclast nothing could seem more promising than "simplified" spelling. Its advocates are vociferous, if not numerous, and written English, it must be admitted, is a fearful and wonderful product of the evolution of speech plus prejudice. Yet how to reform it, except by slow and minute stages, has puzzled all who are not radical on the subject. Consider now this recent announcement by Sydney Walton, executive secretary of the Simplified Spelling Society, concerning the charge that the society has a "fixed and final" scheme:

"We did not submit our scheme as a fixed and final thing, a tum-stone on which letters were chiseled for ever. We submit it as a basis for discussion and enquiry; we welcome suggestion and improvements."

We can only hope that this touching appeal will cause "discussion and enquiry." It seems to need something in the way of response.—Chicago.

Give a woman a pretty handkerchief and she can cry over anything. People who know it all usually have a lot to learn.

Alimony is the postgraduate fee in the course of love.

SPIEGELMYER TELLS ADOLPH BACHELOR TRUST WORKS HERE

Yah, Adolph, I am more glad as anything because you came here by Honolulu to Hitt. Everything was getting more exciting every day with politics and party quick—less going to elect some fellows to der legislature.

Don't you know, Adolph, as how it was surprising to der feller what has been here der longest, dot dare investigation what was conducted by der Secretary off der interior showed him what to be in such a time shape, and dot ve has got ahead so far mit civilization when ve iss got a handicap off some hundreds off fool laws what iss got up every two years by der legislators and der shuck observation off der few laws what iss any good. It bet more as four dollars as how a lot off dem fellows what thinks dey iss as good as elected by looking at der nicks thinking up a lot off fool things what will make fool laws off passed. It bet too bad, Adolph, you did not arrive sooner, and you could have went mit me to der Y. M. C. A. ladies' night. Oh, ve had, a most beautiful time! Still, don't you see I don't think as how der two institutions, der Y. M. C. A. and der ladies, don't seem to be a happy combination. If I was der ladies off der city I belief as how I would not have anything to do mit der Y. M. C. A. fellows, and I would put a sign on me like der cars hat—"Don't Talk to Der Motorman."

"Why? I will tell you. Although dot institution was der best thing on earth, it looks to me like it was trying to push der best interests off humanity off der track. How did I make dot out? Why, because iss, in a sense, a discourager off matrimony. You can engage a room mit der Secretary, and you bet it iss a good room too. Den mit its nice books, bowling alleys, billiard tables, cafeteria, and many other attractions, at der lowest cost to der members. I tell you, Adolph, as how it iss a bachelor factory mit der capital all paid up. It iss a "trust" for single men. If you go there to Hitt, life was so solvized easy and comfortable. For economical dot you don't got any idea off a duty to humanity in der way off shouldering der burden off a wife and a family. As a man what once had a family I am not offerjoyed about der Y. M. C. A., but as a feller what wants to see everything what iss best in a young man brought out, I would advise you to get a moof on und shepeak for a room and all off der other blessings as goes mit a Y. M. C. A. ticket.

But, belief me, Adolph, if dey gift many more off dose ladies' nights, der class off beauty and brightness what shwarmed der building iss going to have some disastrous effect on dot bachelor factory."

"Didn't you told me, Spiegelmyer, in yone off your letters as how you owned a automobile?"

"Sure, Adolph; I used to haff a automobile for myself once, but I never talk much about it because it makes me tremble like sixty-five when I remember what might have been der end iff I did not sell der machine. Ach! mein lieber, Adolph, iff I had kept dot machine a week more, dose fellows what murdered Rosenthal in New York would have been angels when compared mit me.

"You see when I bought der automobile dere, was a accident dotter vent mit it. It was der most latest thing in accident bolices, at least dot was what der man told me, and he was a friend off mine. Of course, I got a little reckless when I was cuffered mit a 1912 model accident bolice. I had all kinds of accidents, but when I read der bolice offer I always found as how der bolice didn't cuffer any off dem. I told my friend about it, and he says, Keep on; don't you get discouraged; you will vin yet already. Your accidents haff all been liddle vones so far, and don't come by der inside of dot bolice. You wait-till you get a big accident, and you will see how it works. Well, dot gift me some hope, and I shuck by der auto and der bolice. Two days ago I was coming down Benacolia street, which is nearly always well groosed so as how der machine will ship its rear-end easy, and dot confounded automobile skidded into a horse what was hitched to a shvill wagon. Well, dere was nobody on der wagon, but you bet as how horses cost money down here, and I forked off \$100 to make good for der horse. Und I did it mit a song in my heart, for I knew dot I would pull out more as often by my accident bolice, but dere was sorrow in der Spiegelmyer honestest when der agent off der accident bolice told me as how it was a "damage claims" bolice against injuries I might make to persons only and not to animals. If I killed a man I was to get \$5000, and den der scale of prices went lower if he was only broken up a leedle. I see shust how dot bolice worked. After der agent had explained it to me, I wanted to go right back und kill der man what should have been on der shvill wagon what I hit. I figured as how I could settle mit his family for about \$2000. But it was too much off a temptation mit a premium like dot, so I sold der automobile, und dot was for why I don't was got any now yet."

A 9-YEAR-OLD POLYGLOT

Every little while Pittsburg newspaper men in quest of a good "feature story" beg Mrs. James Cuchan, a Stoner to talk about her little daughter, Winifred. Winifred, a five-year-old girl, has written a new book, "or learned another language, or painted a new picture?" and the chances are that Winifred has done one or all of these things; for, at the age of 9, this little girl is the author of two books, is fluent in eight languages, is skilled in music, painting, the writing of verse and stories and modelling in clay, yet remains a sturdy, active, jolly little girl in spite of her accomplishments. Perhaps it was because her mother lured her to sleep by chanting Latin hymns that Baby Winifred was able to scan Virgil when 14 months old. But, though Mrs. Stoner insists that her daughter is no genius, "just an ordinary healthy child," she must really have been a fairly bright baby to speak distinctly when 6 months old, and to recite when 9 months old, "Crossing the Bar," and that with feeling and emotion," at the mature age of 1 year. Before she could read she had learned more from pictures than most children absorb from text-books in the primary schools; and in playing with her dolls—more than 100 there were, all properly costumed—she gained a first vivid knowledge of Bible lore, mythology, ancient history and the characters of Shakespeare's plays. They introduced her to the typewriter when she was 3. She was fascinated by this new toy, and in playing with it not only easily learned how to spell, but also made advances in the field of classic literature by copying various selections in prose and verse. Through her typewriter-board she also learned Esperanto, and won a gold medal for a poem in that "international language." At 5 she published her first book—a translation of "Mother Goose" into Esperanto—and at 6 issued her first volume of original verse. Her later and better verses are to be collected and published under the title "The Little Folks' Book of Verse."—Woman's Home Companion.

Oil-Producing States

Since the beginning of the oil industry in the United States over 2,500,000,000 barrels have been produced and the total value of the oil, reckoned in the crudest condition at the mouth of the well, is over \$2,000,000,000. More than half of this oil has come from New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio, and all has been produced in two years over half a century. In the first half of this period nearly the entire product came from the Eastern fields, but lately the declining production of the Eastern States has been more than compensated by the enormous output in the West, so that of the total product of the United States 972,429,895 barrels have been produced west of the Mississippi river, and at this time the midcontinent and California fields are the controlling influence in the oil production of this country. If a line is drawn across Ohio separating its eastern oil across from the Lima area and the Lima oils are included in the Western production, then the West already exceeds the East in the total produced.

The rank of the States is easily remembered when one recognizes California, Oklahoma and Illinois as forming a class by themselves, the lowest (Illinois) producing over 30,000,000 barrels, and the three furnishing three-fourths of the entire output. The second group includes Louisiana, West Virginia, Texas, Ohio and Pennsylvania, in which Louisiana furnished a surprise by yielding the greatest product on record for the States (over 10,000,000 barrels), and passing to the head of this group, while the slight gain from two pools in Texas put that State in advance of Ohio again. In the third group, comprising Indiana, Kansas, New York, Kentucky, Colorado, Wyoming, Missouri, Utah and Michigan, the largest State production is less than a fourth of the lowest in the second group, and, combined, those States produced less than 2.2 per cent of the total. The chances which may be expected in 1912 may advance the rank of West Virginia by the development of the Blue Creek pool, Kansas may change places with Indiana and Wyoming who head the third group.—Indianapolis News.

The absent are not always to blame. They may have had sense enough to remain away.

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